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# Trimmer Trimm'd

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## WASHBALL and RAZOR

Used to Some PURPOSE

*Do not be afraid, for nothing will happen to you that is not written in the book of life.*

By a REAL BARBER.

*If I be shaven, then my Strength will go from me,  
and I shall become weak, and be like any other  
Man. Judges XVI. 17.*



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TO THE  
READER.

 *HE following Lines were the Product of a leisure Hour, and occasioned by an Infamous Something, call'd, An ADDRESS. Want of Decency in any Composition is a Reflection upon the Author, but open Abuse calls for every Man's Resentment. I am sorry some of our Fraternity were weak enough to careſs the Address-Man ; but more concerned, that a Treat of Mildo should metamorphize a Gownsman into a Barber: Low Wit, and a Bad Exchange ! What the least Intelligent of our Trade must laugh at, and what a Man of Sense must despise.*

*My Lines are built upon ſome Resentment, but with the generous Design of doing Good. If I can by them reclaim a Genius from wasting his Time in writing Doggerel, on Marrowbones and Cleavers, Jews and Welch-Harps, Hurdigurdi's, and other ſuch*

such Trumpery, and turn his Talent on Subjects worthy a Gentleman of Parts, Education and Learning, I gain my Point: As for the following Lines, they are properly my own, I need use no Argument to prove they are the Composition of a BARBER; every Man will proclaim it as soon as looked over; if Bad no Wonder; if Tolerable Surprising; if Good Miraculous. I don't live by Writing, nor shall I Starve if this meets with no Encouragement: I can shave on.



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E kind my Muse, assist my Lays  
 In Painting wond'rous *Th...n...n*'s Praise :  
*Th....rn...n* thy Pate must needs want  
 shaving,

After such wild Poetick Raving ;  
 Thy Glasses can't assist thy Eyes,  
 More than I long to make thee wise ;  
 And as *Apollo*'s not thy Muse,  
 Him of all others I shall chuse :  
 For Wisdom's greatly more sublime  
 Than frothy Wit, or jingling Rhime ;

Smooth

Smooth-Running Numbers I admire,  
 Flowing from sweet *Apollo's* Lyre;  
 Thy Numbers thence cannot be had,  
 For thine are piteous Prose run mad;  
 And I can see each Snarl and Sneer  
 To be the Effect of C---x---d's Beer.  
 Hadst thou been true in *TONSORS* Cause,  
 Wiggs they'd have found thee, and Applause;  
 But, like thyself, thou thinks us blind,  
 Such open Jeering not to find;  
 Thy Sneers some *TONSORS* cannot see;  
 Poor H---n---r's quite wrapp'd up in thee:  
 Thou call'st him great (poor Wretch) and he  
 Is pleas'd with such base Flattery.  
 Some *BARBERS* think it very hard,  
 That you should pay them no Regard:  
 That you throughout your wife Address,  
 Should not their Names therein expres;

And

And sure it must be deem'd indecent,  
 In you our Master chosen recent :  
 But since I'm on a merry Pin,  
 Those you left out I will put in.

WHY should plump solid C---x be spar'd,  
 Or T---BB left out ? 'tis very hard ;  
 Men both of Fortune and of Spirit,  
 And in their Stations notice Merit :  
 Parent of Clergy sure is one,  
 W---d---am once happy in his Son.  
 Greyhounds and Hunter T---BB doth keep,  
 And courses when you're fast asleep :  
 And who's more dext'rous and able,  
 To lay a Cloth, and wait at Table ?  
 Was it Neglect, or was it Pet,  
 That you such Worthies should forget ?

The TONSOR too of *W---r---ter* College,  
 Poor ROBIN, has escap'd your Knowledge:  
 And GEORGE D---E---SS, of *French* Extraction,  
 Has given you some Dissatisfaction.

T---N---ND the sharp, who studies Physick,  
 Excels in curing Cough and Phthisick,  
 Is quite forgot, and JERRY dumb,  
 In your Address should come in plumb.  
 H---R---RT and FI----HER are dismay'd,  
 For Interlopers spoil their Trade:  
 And JEN---GS, who to none will stoop,  
 In making Buttons and the Loop.  
 B---X---R resumes the Shaving Trade,  
 Because by you no Barber made:  
 And BR---TON too, our famous Ringer,  
 Might have been mention'd with the Singer.  
 M---RR---TT in Merit's not the shorter  
 For being *Corpus College* Porter.